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HER PHOTOGRAPH.

"Watch for the bird!" the artist cries,
With lifted, waiting finger;
But, heedless of the mirthful call,
Upon the camera's mystic pall
Her serious glances linger.

"Too grave!" Her mother takes the word:
"Think, darling, for one minute,
What can it be papa will say,
Opening his letter far away,
To find your picture in it?"

A look of love and rapture blent
The baby-features put on,
From parted lips to rounded cheek
Swift dimples played at hide-and-seek—
The artist touched the button.

Ah! sunbeam, knewest thou how she
Would leave the world so lonely,
Thus holding fast, in deathless grace,
The smile that on her rosebud face
Bloomed for her father only?
—Mary A. P. Stansbury, in Youth's Companion.

THE OPAL SKULL.

Of all places to oppress one with the fruitlessness of life there is none like unto the southern portion of the Colorado river. There seems always to be visible from its banks, if banks they can be called, some faint blue-gray mountain peak off in the distance, beyond the plain with its rare groups of cottonwoods and its occasional lonely adobe.

There was no color anywhere. The yellow of the sky was only a pale glimmer over the whitening blue; the green of the trees was dulled by the dust and the evening twilight. There was but one house in sight, an adobe 400 yards or less from the river.

In among the willows by the river was a small, canvas-covered wagon. Two thin broncos were hobbled near by, and a man was gathering sticks for a fire. He wondered if it would be worth his while to make the acquaintance of the "greasers" who undoubtedly inhabited it. They might offer him hospitality for the night; but he had learned by experience that Mexican hospitality usually implies dirt, and he disliked dirt. It was a question in his mind whether a blanket under the wagon would not be preferable. And while he debated the flat board door of the adobe opened, and a woman came out. She was slender, therefore she was young—so reasoned the man, who knew Mexicans. More than that he could not see. After a time she went back into the house, and he fell to gathering sticks.

When the moon rose, and he, having finished his supper, was sitting beside the dying campfire, peacefully smoking, the low willows parted, and the girl of the adobe stood near him.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, senor; I knew note zat you wear hier," she cried, starting back.

"It gives me much pleasure to see you. Will you not sit here with me?" He spread a blanket on the ground near the bright coals, and motioned to her, with a deep bow, to be seated. She took her place, and he, stretching himself at her feet, leaning upon one elbow, offered her a cigarette.

Her name, it transpired very soon, was Anita—Anita Manara; his, he told her, was Richard Lovell. They fell a-talking, and he did what was expected of him—made desperate love instantly; while she did what he had expected her to do, responded with only enough reserve to keep up the illusion of flirtation. Here, in the half tropic southwest, with an unwise child of 16, of an amorous race, the rather lax code of honor of Richard Lovell fell from him. She told him about her life.

"I was born hier," she said, "een zat house. But w'en I twelf years am, I to San Diego go to school, an' zere I Eenglish learn. I speak note much Eenglish now, for zat I have only my muzzer an' my bruzzer, who zey speake but Spanish; an' Carlos he can Eenglish speake, but he like eet note."

"Who is Carlos, sweetheart?"

"He ees my sweetheart, w'at I to marry him am."

"Where is he?" The young man drew a little away and sat erect.

"He ees at ze mines in Concepcion. He haf one mine for him, an' he weel be some time reech. He come to see me ze Sunday. Do you note Spanish speake—talk, sare?"

"No. Just a few words. And where is your brother?"

"He ees zis night far away. He weel to-morrow weeth Carlos come back."

Lovell understood. He resumed gradually his posture of adoration. When the cigarettes were finished, he held her hands, and in time he put his arm about her and kissed her, and forgot all the maxims of wisdom that had ever been taught to him.

"What is that ring?" he asked, turning and toying with the only one she wore.

"Eet ees Carlos. He geef eet to me. Weel you see?" She drew it off. "Eef you weel one match light."

He struck a wax one and held it to the ring. It was an opal set in silver and carved in the shape of a skull. Lovell knew enough of stones to understand the difficulty of cutting an opal. He knew the skill and patience it must require to shape it like this one. There was probably not another like it in the world; certainly he had never seen it, if there were. In the flickering light it gleamed and sparkled blue, and red, and yellow fires, and the jaws seemed to contort themselves into a grin.

"How wonderful," he ejaculated.

"Yes," answered Anita.

He was seized with a wild desire to obtain it, and he played boldly for it. "Do you love me, Anita, sweetheart, beautiful?" he whispered, taking her face in his hands and looking into her eyes.

She uttered a faint but sincere "Yes."

He kissed her again, not once, but many times. "If you love me, Anita, you should give me the ring to remember you by—a keepsake, as we call it."

She slipped it into his hand.

"Ah! no. Geef eet to me," she cried of a sudden.

"Why?"

"Carlos, he tell me zat eet ees very—w'at you say?—note nice lucky."

"Then why did he give it to you?"

"He say eet ees for a man, note for a woman, zat eet ees like zat."

"I expect Carlos wanted to keep you from giving it away."

"No. He say zat one man w'at keep eet for fife years, he die sure."

"I am not afraid. I would be glad to die to have your ring for even a year."

"No. Geef eet back to me."

"Then you do not love me," he said, dejectedly. "You are like all women, you are glad to break a man's heart."

"No, no. I lofe you. You can keep eet. I weel tell Carlos I loose eet."

At the moment her mother called to her from the adobe. She threw her plump arms about the American's neck and said a clinging good-by, as if her heart were sadly wrung. And for the time being she was in desperate earnest.

At daybreak he saw two horsemen, both Mexicans, ride up to the house. He guessed that they were the men Manara and Carlos; and he hitched up the team quickly and went, in a fashion that suggested flight, taking the ring with him.

Now it happened—as such things will happen in the new west—that Carlos Valera grew very rich within a few months and went to live in San Diego with his wife, and that they were much courted and sought after, for Valera was generous and well-mannered and not ill-looking, and Senora Valera was bewitching, a type, more than locally famous for her beauty, and possessed of a charm that is peculiar to women of her race who have learned the usages of the world. They kept open house, in the grand way of the wealthy Spanish-Americans of not so long ago. Never a day passed that more than one total stranger was not entertained. Thus it came about that, upon a spring evening some years after her marriage, Senora Valera greeted with lovely ease and grace a guest whom her husband brought home with him, a Mr. Richard Lovell, of Los Angeles. But as she greeted him she glanced down at his hands and saw that he wore the opal skull. She turned to her husband and said in English that was perfect now, though made dainty by a slight lisp: "Carlos, dear, will you see if I left my opal-and-diamond pin on my dressing stand? I think I took it out to wear, and forgot it. I don't want it to get lost like that other opal you gave me before we were married. I'm afraid they are really unlucky stones; don't you think so, Mr. Lovell? Would you mind going for it, Carlos?"

Valera left the room.

"Mr. Lovell, take off that ring while you are here," she said, calmly.

"I have never taken it off. And I'm sorry that I can't do so now."

"If Mr. Valera sees it, he will be apt to kill you as not. He is very jealous."

"I fancy he has good reason."

"Kindly keep your opinions where such unpleasant ones properly belong—in your own consciousness. You will be wise to do as I say, and to be quick. Do you know that the five years is up to-night?"

"I doubt that sort of superstition. As I told you before, I'm not afraid. Perhaps you are, though? It is natural you should be. I will tell you what I will do. I'll take the ring and put it in my pocket"—he slipped it off and held it between his thumb and finger—"if you will kiss me again as you did on that night."

"I will not. You would have forgotten that silliness of mine by now, if you had been fortunate enough to be a gentleman."

"Never!—not all those caresses and protestations. Come, kiss me again, and I'll hide the ring."

"No. Mr. Valera will finish hunting for a pin that isn't there in a moment more, and if he comes back it may go ill with you—it certainly will if he sees the ring."

"Then kiss me."

"I will not. Be quick. I hear him coming. Quick!"

"Kiss me. You'd better, for your own sake."

"No."

"Then don't."

"Oh! hide that ring—do, for me."

"Kiss me."

"Well, kiss me, then."

He put his hands on her shoulders and bent his head. He did not see Valera step into the French window, but he knew that the woman pulled away from him with a loud "How dare you!" and a scream: "Carlos, Carlos, help me!"

And then he felt something sharp driven deep between the shoulders, and as he fell backward Senora Valera grasped at the ring and caught it from his hand. She put her own hand to her throat in the accepted fashion of the conventional faint, and as she did so, dropped the jewel into the bosom of her gown. Then she lost consciousness.

The story she told her husband was one of unprovoked impertinence on the part of an utter stranger, a man she had never seen before, and the story he told the world was much the same, but slightly embellished. It was not plausible, yet it passed. It excused the murder without any great difficulty, and it was something of a feather in the cap of the beautiful Mexican—for this was in the early days.

Senora Valera ground the opal skull to bits with a heavy stone, and kept the chips in a locket, until one day she found an excuse to drive to the cemetery and scatter them upon Lovell's grave.—Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

How It Happened.

"And so you are engaged to Cholly Chubbins," said one girl.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did he ever persuade you to marry him?"

"Oh, he hasn't persuaded me to marry him. You know that lovely solitaire ring he had?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wanted it to wear to a progressive euchre party."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The half-dollar is 1 3-16ths of an inch in diameter.

SECRETS OF POMPEII.

Buried City Now Nearly Cleared of the Debris of Seventeen Centuries.

At last, after perahps a century of more or less intermittent work, Pompeii, the city of ancient Roman pleasure, has been practically cleared of the volcanic debris of 17 centuries. Now, for the first time since that fatal day whose awful happenings Bulwer depicts so graphically—and doubtless so truly—in his famous romance, the forum, which was the central feature of the place, and the Strada dei Sepolcri, the principal suburb, can be realized in their principal relations.

The early work of clearing the historic city, pursued with vigor under Murat when he found himself temporarily installed as king of Naples, was set back from time to time by new eruptions of Vesuvius. As late as 1823 Miss Berry records in her journal:

"We set out, a large party, for Pompeii. The drive of 14 miles is very disagreeable, notwithstanding the view of the bay and the mountains around. * * * The cinders and lava of the eruptions last October (1822) have scarcely yet been swept to each side of the streets, but are left on the road. Outside of Pompeii it is half way up the horses' legs."

No such impediments now await the traveler, and a very prosaic and distinctly dilatory train deposits him in an unpretentious and not very cleanly railway station.

Except to the highly classical and ultra enthusiastic eye, the first impressions of Pompeii are disappointing. The first place of interest which is passed is the so-called basilica, supposed to have been used as a law court, but distinct from the tribunals, which were at the further side of the forum, of which the construction was not completed when the city was covered up. The most striking feature of this open space is the ruins of the temple of Venus.

A main street of Pompeii leading from the station is that known as Strada dell' Abondanza, at the corner of which is to be seen the chalcidicum, or exchange, one of the most beautiful buildings as yet revealed, its central hall having been surrounded by columns of Parian marble.

In the Street of Tombs, however, we are upon more solid ground, for not a few of the monuments bear the names and the busts of those to whose memory they were erected. At the extreme end of the Strada is the so-called Villa Diomede, which has attractions alike for the lovers of fact and fiction, for here were found the bodies of 17 women and children who had sought refuge under the portico, but were apparently suffocated.

The amphitheater is even further away from the center of the city than the Sepoleri, and it is on this point that recent excavations have been chiefly directed, with very important results.

It must be remembered that Bulwer Lytton was quite accurate in describing the games which were in progress at the time of the fatal eruption of Vesuvius which swallowed up both Pompeii and Herculaneum, and one of the results of the works carried out here is to show that the loss of life on that occasion was less than formerly supposed. The people assembled at the amphitheater had time to make their escape to the open country beyond.

Scarcely more than 700 bodies have been discovered, and the perfect state in which many of them were found is at least negative evidence that time would not have reduced others to impalpable dust. The activity, however, of the present Italian government will not be relaxed until Pompeii has been forced to give up all its secrets; and in the meanwhile it is giving up its treasures of marble, bronze and gold, and bringing to light, among other facts, that portrait painting, for mural decoration, was practiced probably by Greek artists for their Roman patrons.—N. Y. Herald.

ANIMALS KILLED BY TRAINS.

Foxes and Owls Often the Victims—Dogs Lured by Foxes to Death on the Tracks.

The report printed a few days ago that a buck deer had been killed by a train near Sayville, L. I., reminded sportsmen of many similar tragedies of the animal world. When the buffaloes roamed across the plains they not infrequently compelled trains to stop until the herds had passed. Antelopes were killed quite often by the locomotives.

The glare of the headlight at night seems to stupefy birds and beasts that cross railroad tracks. Owls are killed frequently, as well as many other birds, during the migrating season. An engineer on a New Jersey railroad, while passing through the pineries one night, heard a faint crash of glass above the roar of the train. Instantly the headlight went out, and the fireman went forward to learn the cause. A short-eared owl had flown into the glass, broken it, broken the chimney of the lamp, and lodged against the reflector, a dead bird.

The fox, in spite of its craft, is one of the animals most frequently killed by trains. The chances are that most of the foxes killed are young and inexperienced. In England foxes closely followed by a pack of hounds have been known to run in front of a train along the track, then jump off again before the train came. The dogs would follow after in full cry and a dozen or more would be killed. One pack ran under the wheels of an express in their eagerness to get the fox.

Rabbits, wild turkeys, skunks, partridges, quail, squirrel, wild ducks and geese, and many other kinds of animals that abide near the railroads, have been killed by the trains.—N. Y. Sun.

When Hands Are Eloquent.

"Do you believe that hands tell anything?" asked the girl who was interested in palmistry.

"Certainly," said the practical young man. "When they belong to deaf mutes."—N. Y. Journal.

SOLAR CYCLONES.

Phenomena of the Sun in the Light of Modern Theory.

It was the French astronomer, Faye, who proposed a theory of solar "cyclones." He contended that a drift is caused in the photosphere by the fact that the portions about the equator rotate more rapidly than those about the poles. Thus whirlpools ensue, or "vortices," as they are usually termed. This theory has found acceptance with some scientists, although it is attended with difficulties which cannot be explained away. The same astronomer, together with the famous solar student, Secchi, had previously proposed the theory that the spots were produced by the bursting outward of interior gases, a liquid constitution being ascribed to the sun. But this has been given up. The illustrious Herschel, the elder, held that the spots were openings in the photosphere, the penumbra being a secondary stratum covered by the brightest photosphere. It is singular that he considered the dark patches to be portions of a cool, habitable globe! But the spectroscope has set at rest all such speculations; and, as previously stated, the splendid star we call the sun is now generally believed to be a gaseous globe with an enormously high temperature, surrounded by a sort of "shell" of clouds produced by condensation of vapors far out in space; and that sun spots result from the sinking of metallic vapors, thus cooled, into depression of the photosphere caused by eruptions near by, dark only in comparison with the intensely brilliant normal surface.

But if the curving lines which rose from the sides of the mammoth cavity-like arches sprung toward a common center did not affirm the cyclone theory, they at least witnessed to the profound agitation of the solar surface, in strange contrast with the calm and loveliness of an ideal terrestrial day. And as the day progressed transformations were noticed in the adjacent spots as well. It will be remembered that often prominences, or upshoots from the "chromosphere" (the sun's gaseous "atmosphere," several miles in depth) reach the height of 50,000 or 60,000 miles, and sometimes they expend their inconceivable fury more than 300,000 miles above the photosphere, rising at a velocity which must equal 250 miles per second to be seen to move! These are but hints of the sumptuous features which invite us to the study of the great luminary of the day. Few can realize the colossal size of the sun, and the enormous area of its surface, even when it is stated to be more than 1,300,000 times as large as the earth. We are to remember that its diameter is about 866,000 miles and that the immense spot now visible is but a speck upon its mighty bosom.

If no other instrument is accessible, the simple watching of this group from day to day with a piece of well-smoked glass will show the measure of the sun's rotation. This is really about 25 days; but as in the meantime the earth is making substantial progress in its orbit what may be called in a sense its "synodic" rotation is about 27 days, and the time thus required for the apparent transit of a spot across the disk is about 13 days. It will also be interesting to prove the fact that the spots are cavities, by the closing up of the eastern penumbrae as the spots approach the western edge. They will probably be visible for a week, and in a fortnight more may indeed reappear upon the eastern limb.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

A Yellowstone Park Brute Gives a Great Moral Lesson to Parents.

Speaking of law and the enforcement of discipline in Yellowstone park, I heard the story of a bear there, which I consider exceedingly important not only as a comment on the discipline of the park, but as a moral lesson to parents in domestic obedience. The story is literally true, and if it were not I should not repeat it, for it would have no value. Mr. Kipling says "the law of the jungle is—obey." This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone park. There is a lunch station at the upper basin, near Old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well-behaved, and would take food from his hand (without taking the hand). One day toward sunset the bear came to the kitchen and having received her portion she went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs. To her surprise and anger the cubs were there waiting for her. She laid down the food, and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. "She did not cuff them; she spanked them," and then she drove them back into the woods, cuffing them and knocking them at every step. When she reached the spot where she had told them to wait, she left them there and returned to the house. And there she stayed in the kitchen for two whole hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience. The explanation is very natural. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. The mother knew that the safety of her cubs and her own peace of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family. Oh, that we had more such mothers in the United States!—Harper's Magazine.

All Foreigners.

Mr. Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold in this country.

Crosby—They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and every one of them was a foreigner. — Philadelphia North American.

PITH AND POINT.

—Ethel—"You may ask papa, Mr. Van Ishe." Van Ishe—"My darling, I'll never be able to find him. He owes me £25."—Tit-Bits.

—The Last Stage.—"Is Miss Oldly out of the matrimonial market yet?" "No, but she's on the remnant counter."—Detroit Free Press.

—Briggs—"Simmerson, the inventor, says his wife doesn't even know what business he is in."—Griggs—"Why has he concealed it from her?" Briggs—"He is afraid she might get the impression that he could do odd jobs around the house."—Life.

—"I don't see," she exclaimed with proper indignation, "why they allow plays to be presented that ladies are not expected to see." "I don't either," replied her husband, "unless it's to give the men some place to go where there are no large theater hats."—Washington Star.

—It was an hour past midnight, and Mr. Binns was fumbling about in the hall and mumbling angrily to himself. "What's the matter?" called out Mrs. Binns from the floor above. "There's two hatracks here," he answered, "an' I don't know which one to hang my hat on." "You've got two hats' haven't you?" rejoined Mrs. Binn; "hang them on both."—Dublin World.

—Tom Burnet, son of the bishop of that name, dining with the lord mayor, was called upon to drink to "the ministry." As he was a whig, and the ministry tory, he hesitated to compromise his principles. Cried the lord mayor, who saw his glass had not been touched: "Where sticks the ministry?" "At nothing," replied the whig, and emptied his glass with a good conscience.—Household Words.

THE ACTOR'S FACE.

Art of Making Up a Matter of Great Importance.

Making up is a tiresome process for actor and actress, yet one they cannot escape from. In private life they are frequently much better looking people than they are on the stage—and a great deal more natural; for "make-ups," notwithstanding the high pitch of perfection—we had almost said the pink of perfection—to which they have been brought, have never been able to resist the power of the searching opera glass. Managers, with a laudable desire to increase their takings, now let out these cruel detectors at sixpence a time—on the "slot" principle—trusting to the honesty of the customer to return the goods when he has finished with them. Even the inexperienced may thus discover that the complexion of the player is not real, although he is possibly confounded as to the actual constituents which contribute to the illusion. A passionate "Romeo," a valorous "Don Cæsar de Bazan"—rent by the pangs of love, flushed with passion—must endure the physical inconvenience attending on the coating of his countenance by the substance known as "grease paint"—a name with no spice of romance whatever about it. It is reassuring to learn that this artistic product is chemically pure and innocent of lead. The lighter and fairer tints are rubbed in by ladies, but the hues for the gentlemen range over a wide and liberal field. If you are an honest tar returned from foreign service to England, home and beauty, you affect the sunburnt color; if you are a mulatto you go one darker, and an Indian is deeper still. A cheerful chrome blended with other factors is employed for Chinamen, and blue-black is provided for "unshaven chins" and "old men."

A clown's face is "lined" with vermilion, and there is a pathetic red for representing blotches on the bibulous faces of the Eccles type of character. The eyes are rendered picturesque—and often hideous—by a liberal application of blacks and blues, and in cases of extreme necessity—such as that of the Christy minstrel—there is nothing for it except to "go the whole hog" and use burnt cork. "Othello," fortunately, takes a more subdued tone. If he did not, we should be the more easily able to appreciate the tortures of the conscientious artist who blacked himself all over for that part. The "nigger" lips are produced by generous strokes of carmine; and among the negative virtues of the make-up box is a composition which apparently stamps out the teeth of old and wrinkled creations. Sir Henry Irving, for instance, uses this in "Louis XI." and as "Corporal Brewster" in "A Story of Waterloo." The art of making up, although largely reduced to an exact science, is more difficult of acquirement than would at first appear. Like most other things, it demands more care and thought than the ignorant wot of. There is not only the complexion to be adjusted to the requirements of the character, but the wig and whiskers must harmonize, and there must be no obvious "join." Even the "bladder-of-lard" head, endeared to us at the pantomime season, takes as much fitting as a new bonnet.—London Telegraph.

Woes of an Inventor.

The great inventor was buried in thought or something that was a very close imitation of it.

"The trouble with us," he said, as he pushed back a few layers of thought and poked his head out, "is that we are handicapped."

"How is that?" asked the man who always wants to know.

"Why, we can't keep up with the sensational press," explained the inventor. "No matter where we go—in the air or under the sea—the sensational newspaper has told all about it long before anyone knew anything about it, and it's considered a chestnut when first it's possible. Do I make my meaning clear?"

The man who always wants to know hesitated, but finally got round it by saying his meaning was as clear as most of his inventions, and then succeeded in escaping while the inventor was trying to make up his mind whether or not it was an insult.—Chicago Post.

WOMAN AND HOME.

LIVE WOMAN'S TOMB.

Remarkable Eccentricity of a Norwich (Conn.) Lady.

Mrs. Mary Tuttle ("Diamond") Johnson, formerly a resident of Norwich, Conn., now of Chicago, for whom a conservator was recently appointed by request of her husband and sons, has had a remarkable grave constructed in her lot in Yantic cemetery, destined to receive her body. It is the most costly, massive, unique and elaborate one in Connecticut.

Mrs. Johnson purchased her cemetery lot some time ago and had her grave made. She is haunted by an overmastering dread of graveyard ghouls and robbers, and she had barely completed her grave when she decided that it was not strong enough to baffle a possible assault after her body had been committed to it.

With a corps of skilled professional workmen she went to work at once to reconstruct and immensely strengthen it, carrying on the work clandestinely in order to forestall opposition on the part of her conservator and her watchful husband and sons. The result of her craftiness and the dispatch and dexterity of her workmen was that she not only accomplished her project without betraying her design, but so neatly that there is not an outward token to indicate to a casual observer that the old grave had ever been disturbed.

The grave is in many respects the most remarkable and wonderfully contrived one probably in New England. Apparently it is impregnable to assault.

Its floor is a huge smoothly chiseled slab of Rhode Island granite, weighing more than a ton, while a similar gigantic slab of stone, which weighs 2,700 pounds and can be handled only with the aid of a derrick, forms its cover.

The walls of the grave are of cemented pressed bricks, solid as adamant, and as thick and enduring seemingly as those of a modern fort.

Mrs. Johnson is greatly pleased with the remodeled tomb, and convinced

MRS. JOHNSON'S MONUMENT.

that after her body is placed between its two ponderous granite slabs it will be absolutely secure.

Not long ago Mrs. Johnson had a magnificent granite monument erected on her cemetery lot at a cost of $18,000, which is said to be the most ornate, unique and expensive private mortuary memorial in New England. It is a lofty, shapely shaft, handsomely polished and carved, bearing the allegorical figures, also superbly sculptured, of Faith, Hope and Charity. The monument was erected by famous granite cutters of Westerly, R. I.

Mrs. Johnson's ruling passion is an immoderate fondness for diamonds, on account of which the title of Mrs. "Diamond" Johnson was popularly bestowed on her more than a quarter of a century ago. At all times she is a-glitter with the gems from head to foot, and she rarely appears in public with less than $25,000 to $50,000 worth of them displayed on her person.

It is said to be her intention to have her fabulous store of jewels buried with her body, a fancy that may account, in part, for her determination to make her tomb absolutely impregnable to grave robbers.

Heart Parties for Children.

A "heart party" affords lots of enjoyment for the children. Pin a large heart made of red flannel cloth on a sheet hung from a door. In the center of the heart sew a small circle of white. Give arrows of white cloth with a pin placed therein to each guest, each arrow bearing a number, the number corresponding to a list whereon the names and numbers of the guests are placed. The point of the game is to see which person, when blindfolded, can pin the arrow nearest to the central spot of the white. Prizes are given to the successful ones.

Water for House Plants.

There is far more danger of giving house plants too much rather than too little water in winter. During the short days and long nights, with very little sunlight on the soil, it is hard to keep it at a temperature where the plants can grow vigorously. All the surplus water added lowers the temperature until it reaches a point where the plants barely exist without making any growth. If the soil has much vegetable matter humic acid will be developed at a low temperature, and this will poison the plant roots.

Simplifies Matters.

"How is it that all your silver is engraved with your maiden name, Mrs. Hampack?" said one Chicago lady to another.

"Merely for the sake of uniformity," was the reply. "I always resume my maiden name when I obtain a divorce."—N. Y. Journal.

Wiser Than His Wife.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak (as her husband comes in late at night)—What does the clock say, John?

Mr. Crimsonbeak (with difficulty)—Nothing, madam, nothing. It's got sense enough to say nothing.—Yonkers Statesman.

NICE FOR THE DOGS.

How New York's Swell Girls Now Carry Their Canine Pets.

The swell girl who is thoroughly up to date no longer carries her pet dog as if it were a tender infant. It is not at all uncommon to see a fashionably dressed woman walking along carrying the curly object of her adornment wrapped up in a contrivance that resembles a shawl strap. It is a sort of harness with a strap fastened over the dog's hips and another over his breast, after the fashion of the hame and the breeching that form so important a feature of the harness of a horse.

At first thought it might seem as if the canine swell would object to being

HOW TO CARRY YOUR DOG.

suspended in midair in this way. Quite the contrary, however. Experience shows that it is much more comfortable than being squeezed and smothered in the arms of his mistress or her maid, no matter how carefully they try to move him about.

Moreover, since the harness is no impediment to the dog moving about on his feet, a chain can be attached to the handle and the little animal led along as easily as if he had no harness on at all.

All sorts of dogs that are small enough for pets are carried in this fashion. The new style is very popular among all the young women who own dogs, but the style is not limited to the younger members of the smart set. The matron and the dowager also follow it with scrupulous care.

For the winter season the carrying harness and the blanket are combined. As a rule, the blanket is of corduroy, and keeps the shivering pet as warm as his mistress in her furs. In color, the blanket is generally red, and it is a comical sight to see this red blanketed and behandled creature trailing along at the side of his mistress as she walks down the street, or hanging limply from the blanket harness as it depends from the lady's hand.

Prices of the carrying harness and blanket vary considerably, ranging from five to forty dollars each. Sometimes the leather and the blanket are embroidered with silver, and occasionally gold ornamentation glitters on the combination. Combine the gold collar set with diamonds, and the gold and silver ornamented carrying harness and blanket, and the result makes the pampered dog of fashion almost as conspicuous an object as his pretty and richly dressed mistress.

Upon stormy days, when his mistress desires to give the small aristocrat an airing she can carry him in a newly invented satchel which answers the purpose admirably. It is rounded in form, opens at one side, and at one end the leather is upon hinges and can be let entirely down or partially so, as may be desired.

When this is done, a net work of leather or sometimes silver wire is revealed, permitting the occupant of the queer looking satchel to breathe all the fresh air it desires.—N. Y. Herald.

DRESSING THE BED.

Much Can Be Accomplished Now with Very Little Money.

People in good circumstances and in good society still prefer brass bedsteads. Those next in favor are mahogany and other hard woods; then softer woods stained the new moss green or enameled white, with designs of windmills and canals in blue, to imitate delft ware. Bedspreads come in all the delicate colors, but the unrelieved white are the most desirable, because the best to launder. Cottage quilts are gay weavings at a low price, which resemble the homemade efforts of our grandmothers. These spreads are especially sold for the summer house use and the rooms of young girls.

Mitcheline is the name of a "Marseilles" effect in delicate colors, pink, blue, light and delft, with flower and fern patterns; two dollars. There are better qualities in these effects and the colorings include deep yellow and lilac, as well as pinks and blues.

English dimity spreads are inexpensive, some as low as two dollars. Then there are white spreads, with the deep border and "brocaded" flowerings of large size, also with the "ratin" finish. You can pay as high as $25 for some of these, and when you get to elegant lace spreads laid over these there is no limit to the cost. Plain or elaborate, there is just one way now in favor for dressing a bed, and that is with the cover neatly tucked in all around and surmounted by a round French bolster, whose cover must match the spreads. Heavy white linen with borders and centerpiece embroidered in yellow wash silk looks well.—Chicago Chronicle.

To Keep Violets Fresh.

To keep violets fresh when wearing them on the person wrap the stems first in cotton dipped in salted water and then in tinfoil. When they are not doing service the stems should be put in salted water, the tops sprinkled, and the whole covered closely with confectioners' paper and put in a cool place. In this way the blossoms may be preserved for several days.